

De La Soul Lyrics

"Watch Out"

(feat. Parquo Fernandez)

[1]

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

[Verse 1]

Get up and do the biz, our style is the wild

Hit you with a spell whether Jew or gen-tile

When you enterin' the realm

You find me at the helm

Still standin' like abandoned buildings

In the southern part of BX, can old school it like a T-Rex

Ya well advanced connect dance with thoughts

Deep like Barry White's throat box

I bet you those cops mix

Double high tower my power grants me the chicks

The blows the cars and enemies that wanna spar

You wanna see it no matter who you are

Yeah I'm bound to ground you like that

Put they ass on a mound and introduce em' to a baseball

Face tall, brag about it like teenage sex

Text book characters gettin' etched out to rough draft

Rush Limbaugh autograph her left titty

New Yor, New York yeah we bigger than the buildings

Do it for the love of the art and the childrens

And throw paper machet inside of ya models

See we all throttles, we zip by in this drive

Allergic to ya sperm broke hives

Concerned about ya life when ya down eight lives

Top of the night I'm up in queens like ah yeah

[Repeat 1]

[Verse 2]

Introducin' introducin' to you Dave

Batter on deck, carded every time I set foot in the joint

Cabaret artist I'll two piece ya tray

If she wanna get vamped, bring her to the tent

Touch her till her back indents

Wrap it extra strength

Run a lap on her calculatin' the length

Holdin' mics tighter than hymens

Old school it like Holly-Hobby, Head-to-Head, Easy Bake Oven

Strong Jerome lovin' man I hit the pack

Panther power keep it all relative to the sixties

Bill Bixby green, ATM money

Got my pockets lookin' like I'm rockin' Popeye jeans

Classic like Reuben and Rah

One nigga under the groove we shootin' for that Parliament high

Plus bigger than the fourth of July

Take the back seat drive out

Hey yo, hey yo ain't nothin' street about me more like a light post

Sinin' above all who are y'all to boast

Stayed calm and all came to me to host

My vocab grabs many, long to cultivate raps

It's gettin' filled moms jack penny

It used to be unknown around the way

Now my bix became a bouquet

Every nose in it, fillin' up seats like a session in a Senate

Been a minute since ya heard the souls

So the soul gon' cost ya three

All ya people wanna front like the soul don't hold control

But it don't mean shit to me

Plain to see that a song like this been what ya all missed

Come on, genuine adrenaline from off the wrists

We run the interference throughout the game clout

Can't be denied the bout for the title

Throw up ya guns and hold the pose like an idol

Bring it back to the draw

Ghosts of grand wiz Theodore

Played dirty with ever since played on the floor

Stop verbal assaults just in case a war break out

Steal vaults bigger than giraffes

But they still got a lot for me

Heard em' say alot of nigga with the underground

They'd die for the underground but ain't makin' no money

Stupid